

Christian Elder is a writer, performer and producer of spoken word events. His work has been published in several magazines and journals. Mr. Elder has performed at several spoken word venues over the past decade. He has appeared on KXLU's "Echo in the Sense" with Christine Palma and "Straight-Ahead Jazz" on Kill Radio.org. OC Weekly columnist Victor D. Infante writes, "His writing is graceful and fluid, attacking such volatile subjects as disenfranchisement, race and rage with a surprising combination of bite and tenderness." In 1994 Mr. Elder coordinated a series of poetry slams across the Southland, to showcase the winning poets on the second stage revival tent at Lollapalooza. He later produced the LA Spoken in 1996, at the Celebrity Center in Hollywood. More than 200 seminal LA poetry performers were documented in a monumental photograph that recalls the famous photo that captured a similar gathering of jazz legends in "A Great Day in Harlem." Born in New York, New York, Mr. Elder resides in Sherman Oaks, California. His work most recently appeared in Art/Life magazine, and while he concentrates on writing screenplays, he is currently producing a monthly spoken word event called "The LA Speak Easy" at the Nova Express Cafe in Hollywood.

CHRISTIAN ELDER GODMA

godma dogma
runs rampant to the jook joint
and all that satanic
and irrelevant
jive jazz
velocity philosophy
w/low down no good dirty
rats
on the flaming perimeter
of the headless negro
who grieves
for mortal guns and mortal flesh
who sleeps in seven taxis a night
who dreams of the ball game
who wept for the green wishes
of just another hopeless race
who was arraigned by the lost courts
on purpose
who dragged in w/the child
you once knew
as daughter
who complained about the sexless
tenants in the next room
who paraded about conceptually
nude
in the superstore of love
and seriousness
who whispered tears about uprising
who pierced Malcom X
in just another fit of trial and err
jealousy
who threw out his pitching arm
who is sticking it
to the vein
somewhere violated
at a glass reality in Saigon
who was pressured into the
white miracle
of the civilized cosmos
as though it were
the common
rigors
of the space program
you
who shake your Zapruder footage
justice
at the wet grace of god
anyone w/eyesight knows
the heavens are out there
and
they're black
like my mother

